By MRS. HUMPHREY WARD, AUTHOR OF "ROBERT ELSMERE"

the entries were methodically kept, noticed: "Afternoon tea, Mrs. Stuart's, Friday," and Bretherton, "for, as you will see," he wrote, "it will be impossible for me to meet her with a good conscience unless I have done my duty beforehand by going to see her perform." To this the American replied by a counter proposal. "Miss Bretherton," he wrote, "offers my sister and myself a box for Friday night; it will hold four or five; you must certainly be of the party, and I

shall ask Forbes." Kendal felt himself a little entrapped, and would have preferred to see the actress under conditions more favorable to an independent judgment, but he was conscious that a refusal would be ungracious, so he accepted and prepared himself to meet the beauty in as sympathetic a frame of mind as pos-

On Friday afternoon, after a long and fruitful day's work, he found himself driving westward towards the old fashioned Kensington house of which Mrs. Stuart, with her bright, bird like American ways, had succeeded in making a considerable social center. His mind was still full of his work,

proper to men possessed of the true literary | monly heard applied to her. when the mind, admitted to regions of an scribble as well as you who act." ampler ether and diviner air than any she has inhabited before, feels the full charm and ing eyes, "you write a great deal! I know; trangail vista of his life, which seems to lie happens. spread out before him. It is a rare state, for | "Apparently the only thing that always not many men are capable of the appren- happens to you is success," said Kendal, hostile circumstance may put an end to it; the compliment. "I hear wonderful reports but in its own manner and degree, and while of the difficulty of getting a seat at the Calit lasts, it is one of the golden states of con- liope; and his friends tell me that Mr. Robinsciousness, and a man enjoying it feels this | son looks ten years younger. 'Poor man! it mysterious gift of existence to have been a is time that fortune smiled on him." kindly boon from some beneficent power.

skill and unity of plan; her pretty dresses, then"in which she trailed about her soft colored rooms; her energy, her kindliness and even | parts! the evident but quite innocent pursuit of social perfection in which she delighted-all for her to gather together whom she would when she wished to launch a social novelty. On the present occasion she was very much in her element. All around her were people more or less distinguished in the London world, here was an editor, there an artist, a junior member of the government chatted' over his ten with a foreign minister, and a flow of the usual London chatter of a superior kind was rippling through the room when Kendal entered.

Mrs Stuart put him in the way of a chair and of abandant chances of conversation, and then left him with a shrug of her shoulders and a waisper. "The beauty is shockingly late! Tell me what I shall do if all these people are disappointed." In reality Mrs. Sthart was beginning to be restless. Sendal had himself arrived very late, and, as the talk flowed faster and the room tilled fuller of guests eager for the new sensation which had been promised them, the spirits ofthe little hastess began to sink. The minister had surject itiously looked at his watch, and a tiresome lady friend had said good-by in a voice which might have been lower, and with a lament which might, have been spared. Mrs. Stnart set great store upon the success bome with only tea and talk to remember, minding him that they should meet again. any self respect should allow themselves to more a general flutter in the room. Miss

to her the "absurd failure" of a party to meet | finger on hp. The actress suddenly stooped | the Schloss, or rather the royal antercom, the leading actress of the Comedie Francese. to her, lifted her up with the case of physical beyond which the wista of the ballroom

tered the room with her! She came in and empty. rapidly, her graceful head thrown eagerly "That was prettily done," said Edward back, her face kindling and her hands out Wallace to Kendal as they stood together stretched as she caught sight of Mrs. Stuart. looking on. "In another woman these things There was a vigor and splendor of life about would be done for effect, but I don't think her that made all her movements large and she does them for effect. It is as though she the royalties, including the pink and white emphatic, and yet, at the same time, nothing felt herself in such a warm and congenial could exceed the delicate finish of the phy- atmosphere, she is so sure of herself and hersical structure itself. What was indeed surroundings, that she is able to give herself characteristic in her was this combination of full play, to follow every impulse as it rises, extraordinary perfectness of detail, with a There is a wonderful absence of manyaise flash, a warmth, a force of impression, such bonte about her, and yet I believe that, little complete the figure, and an aide-de-camp is as often raises the lower kinds of beauty into as she knows of her own deficiencies, she is dispatched into the ballroom to fetch one, excellence and picturesqueness, but is seldom really modest"found in connection with those types where "Very possibly," said Kendal; "it is a cuthe beauty is, as it were, sufficient in and by rious study, a character taken so much au From this moment the audience had been

ares was out of keeping with her stature and her ample gliding motions. But here, again, where his conversation with two musical young ladies had been suddenly suspended by the arrival of the actress, and thought that his impression of the week before had been, if anything, below the truth.

"She comes into the room well, too," he viduality. Ah, now Fernandez"-naming the minister-"has got hold of her. Then, I suppose, Rushbrook (the member of the gov-

His reflections, however, were stopped by the exclamations of the girls beside hun, who were a ready warm admirers of Miss Brether- placid, undisturbed way, "you will see I discovered that he was going to see her in as much noise as anybody in the theatre." the play to him, they dwelt in superlatives it, Kendal will look it, and I don't know on the crowded state of the theatre and on which is the most damping." the plandits which greeted Miss Bretherton's "Mrs. Stuart, you shall be the judge of

costumes, while all the time keeping their eves furtively fixed on the gleaming animated profile and graceful shoulders, over Bretherton." which, in the entrance of the second drawing room, the minister's gray head was bending.

Bretherton had announced to her, with a a big bullying voice. I don't know what thousand regrets, that she had only half an more you want in a German prince. It is hour to give. "We poor professionals, you this everlasting hypercriticism which spoils know, must dine at 4. That made me late, all one's pleasure and frightens all the char-Two or three days afterwards Kendal, in and now I find I am such a long way from looking over his engagement book, in which | home that 6 is the latest moment I can stay." So that Mrs. Stuart was put to it to get through all the introductions she had promat once sent off a note to Edward Wallace, ised. But she performed her task without suggesting that they should go to the theatre flinching, killing remorselessly each nascent together on Thursday evening to see Miss conversation in the bud, giving artist, author or member of parliament his proper little sentence of introduction, and at last beckoning to Eustace Kendal, who left his corner feeling society to be a foolish business and wishing the ordeal were over.

Miss Bretherton smiled at him as she had smiled at all the others, and he sat down for his three minutes on the chair beside her. "I hear you are satisfied with your English audiences, Miss Bretherton," he began at once, having prepared himself so far. "To-night I'am to have the pleasure for the first time of making one of your admirers."

"I hope it will please you," she said, with a shyness that was still bright and friendly. "You will be sure to come and seeme afterwards? I have been arranging it with Mrs. Stuart. I am never fit to talk to a wrwards, I get so tired. But it does one good to see one's friends; it makes one forget the theatre a little before going home."

"Do you find London very exciting?" "Yes, very. People have been so extraordinarily kind to me, and it is all such a new experience after that little place Kingphrases of Joubert or of Stendhal seemed to ston. I should have had my head turned, I be still floating about him, and certain sub- think," she added, with a happy little laugh, tleties of artistic and critical speculation "but that when one cares about one's art one were still vaguely arguing themselves out | is not likely to think too much of one's self. within him as he sped westward, drawing in I am always despairing over what there is the pleasant influences of the spring sunshine, still to do, and what one may have done and delighting his eyes in the May green, seems to make no matter."

which was triumphing more and more She spoke with a pretty humility, evidently every day over the grayness of London, and | meaning what she said, and yet there was would soon have reached that levely short | such a delightful young triumph in her manhved pause of victory which is all that sum- ner, such an invulnerable consciousness of mer can hope to win amid the dust and artistic success, that Kendal feit a secret stir of amusement as he recalled the criticisms Kendal was in that condition which is which among his own set he had most com-

emperament, when the first fervor of youth "Yes, indeed," he answered, pleasantly. for mere living is gone, when the first crude | "I suppose every artist feels the same. We difficulties of accumulation are over, and all do if we are good for anything-we who

spell of man's vast birthright of knowledge, Mr. Wallace told me. He says you are so and is seized with subtler curiosities and learned, and that your book will be splendid. has yet been conscious of. The world of fact like it, I think, better than acting. You Wallace the humbug of compliments." and of idea is open, and the explorer's instru- need only depend on yourself; but in acting ments are as perfect as they can be made. | you're always depending on some one else, The intexication of entrance is full upon and you get in such a rage when all your own him, and the lassitude which is the inevita- grand ideas are spoiled because the leading pecially laid it down that a man would be a sympathetic relation between him and the charges it with a force and meaning, which, ble Nemesis of an unending task, and the gentleman won't do anything different from chill which sooner or later descends upon what he has been used to, or the next lady things to say upon any conceivable occasion In another sentence or two the spell had been prince as to the reality of the supposed apevery human hope, are as yet mere names wants to show off, or the stage manager has to Isabel Bretherton. Besides, he saw her irrevocably broken, and he seemed to himand shadows, counting for nothing in the a grudge against you! Something always every day and was in excellent practice, self to have passed from a state of sensitive dramatic speeches which the situation in-

"Yes, indeed; he had a bad time lest year.

Arrived at Mrs. Stuart's, Kendal found a That Miss Harwood, the American actress, found themselves shown into a large roomy large gathering already filling the pleasant | that they thought would be such a success, | box close to the stage—too close, indeed, for low rooms, looking out upon trees at either didn't come off at all. She didn't hit the purposes of seeing well. The house was alend, upon which Mrs. Stuart had impressed public. It doesn't seem to me that the Eng- ready crowded, and Kendal noticed, as he throughout the stamp of her own keen little lish public is hard to please. At that scanned the stalls and boxes through his all times lacking in that consistency, that indeed, her acting had a self taught, propersonality. She was competent in all things | wretched little theatre in Kingston I wasn't opera glass, that it contained a considerable -competent in her criticism of a book, and nearly so much at my ease as I am here. Here sprinkling of notabilities of various kinds, more than competent in all that pertained to one can always do one's best and be sure that It was a large new theatre, which hitherto the niceties of house management. Her din the audience will appreciate it. I have all had enjoyed but a very moderate share of the scene was half way through he had alner parties, of which each was built up from sorts of projects in my head. Next year I popular favor, so that the brilliant and eager most ceased to watch her. Edward Wallace, creation, she was spoiled by her entire want foundation to chimax with the most delicate shall have a theatre of my own, I think, and crowd with which it was now filled was in who had seen her some two or three times in of that inheritance from the past which is



of her social undertakings, and to gather a aspirant at her elbow, and nothing remained crowd of people to meet the rising star of for him but to retire with a hasty smile and the season, and then to have to send them hand shake, Miss Bretherton brightly rewas one of these failures which no one with A few minutes afterwards there was once

However, fortune was once more kind to her long, flowing black garments, holding really the raison d'etre of the piece. But, one of her chief favorites. Mrs. Stuart was Mrs. Stuart by the hand, the crowd dividing just listering with a tired face to the well as she passed. On her way to the door stood meant, but depressing condolences of the bar la child, Mrs. Stuart's youngest, looking at rister standing by her, who was describing her with large, wondering brown eyes and

itself, and does not need anything but its naturel, and suddenly transported into the impatiently waiting, and when the dazzling own inherent harmonies of line and hue to midst of such a London triumph as this. I figure, in its trailing, pearl embroidered have certainly been very much attracted and robes, appeared in the doorway of the ball-There were some, indeed, who maintained feel inclined to quarrel with you for having room, a storm of applause broke forth again that the smallness and delicacy of her feat run her down. I believe I shall admire her and again, and for some minutes delayed the more than you do to-night." "I only hope you may," said the Ameri-

the impression of delicacy was transformed can, cordially; I am afraid, however, that calculated than this opening to display the half way into one of brilliancy by the large from any standard that is worth using there peculiar gifts of the actress. The quadrille hazel eyes and the vivid whiteness of the is not much to be said for her as ah actress, was a stately spectacular display, in which your eyes, and yet, as Edward will get hold before it. She was very pale, but the storm The afternoon guests departed, and just as effects of rhythmic motion had been brought the last had gone Mr. Forbes was announced, He came in in a bad temper, having been delayed by business, and presently sat down to skin. Kendal watched her from his corner. As a human being she is nearly perfection!" splendid dress and stirring music and the dinner with Mrs. Stuart and Wallace and show. The movements of the jealous beauty Kendal in a very grumbling frame of mind, and of her faithless lover were invested said to himself critically; "she is not a mere Mr. Stuart, a young and able lawyer, in the throughout with sufficient dramatic meaning milkmaid, she has some manner, some indi- first agonies of real success at the bar, had to keep up the thread of the play. But it sent word that he could not reach home till was not the dramatic aspect of the scene for

"I don't know, I'm sure, what's the good of the display which it made possible of Isabel ernment will come next and we commoner going to see that girl with you two carping mortals in our turn. What absurdities these fellows," he began combatively, over his soup. "She won't suit you, and you'll only spoil Mrs. Stuart's pleasure and mine." "My dear Forbes," said Wallace in his ton, and wild with enthusiasm at finding shall behave like an angel. I shall allow mythemselves in the same room with her. They self no unpleasant remarks, and I shall make the evening; they envied him, they described "That's all very well, but if you don't say

first appearance in the ballroom scene in our behavior," said Kendal-he and Forbes certain moral qualities, by simplicity, frankthe first act, and they allowed themselved were excellent friends. "Forbes is not in a ness, truth of nature. There was a kind of

lowed a grumble or two at Hawes if you

"Hawes does his best," said Forbes, with a touch of obstinacy. "He looks well, he Mrs. Stuart did her duty bravely. Miss strides well, he is a fine figure of a man with acter out of the artists!"

At which Mrs. Stuart laughed, and, womanlike, observed that she supposed it was only people who, like Forbes, had succeeded in disarming the critics who could afford to scoff at them-a remark, which drew a funny little now, half petulant, half pleased, out of the artist, in whom one of the strongest notes of character was his susceptibility to the attentions of women. "You've seen her already, I believe," said Wallace to Forbes. "I think Miss Bretherton told me you were at the Calliope on Mon-

care to be critical. I don't want to whittle away the few pleasures that this dull life can provide me with by this perpetual discontent eat and be thankful! To look at that girl is a liberal education; she has a fine voice, too, and her beauty, her freshness, the energy of life in her, give me every sort of artistic pleasure. What a curmudgeon I should bewhat a grudging, ungrateful fellow if, after all she has done to delight me, I should abuse her because she can't speak out her tiresome speeches-which are of no account and don't matter, to my impression, at all-as well as one of your thin, French, snake like creatures who have nothing but their art, as you call it; nothing but what they have been care-

to depend upon!" Having delivered himself of this tirade, the artist threw himself back in his chair, tossed back his gray hair from his glowing black eyes, and looked defiance at Kendal, who was sitting opposite.

laboriously learned with time and trouble,

"But, after all," said Kendal, roused, 'these tiresome speeches are her metier; it's her business to speak them, and to speak them well. You are praising her for qualities which are not properly dramatic at all. In your studio they would be the only thing show the romantic and passionate character that a man need consider; on the stage they naturally come second."

"Ah, well," said Forbes, falling to upon his dinner again at a gentle signal from Mrs. Stuart that the carriage would soon be round. "I knew very well how you and Wallace would take her. You and I will have to defend each other, Mrs. Stuart, age who played the prince. An actress with against those two shower baths, and when sufficient force of feeling, and an artistic poor White Lady had but too many after opwe go to see her afterwards I shall be invalu- sense subtle enough to suggest to her the nec- portunities of blurring the impression she further reaching desires than anything she It must be grand to write books. I should able, for I shall be able to save Kendal and essary modulation, could have made a great

ticeship which leads to it, and a breath of rather hating himself for the cheapness of flowed on pleasantly till the coffee was scene of great capabilities she never once the same lack of all those quicker and more handed and the carriage announced.

On their arrival at the theatre, armed with Miss Bretherton's order, Mrs. Stuart's party "And then we shall see you in all the great the actress who had wrought so great a transformation.

> was comfortably settled in the further cor- the door of the box. "Where did she get tradition-or she must have the knowledge ner of the box, her small dainty figure set off by the crimson curtains behind it. "One would think that an actor's life must stir the very depths of a man or woman's individuality, that it must call every power into action | times I think I catch a gleam of some ori- certainly, as Kendal admitted, some original and strike sparks out of the dullest." "Yes; but how seldom it is so!"

"Well, in England, at any rate, the fact s, their training is so imperfect they daren't let themselves go. It's only when a man fectly that he can aim at the higher. But the band is nearly through the overture. Just tell me before the curtain goes up something about the play. I have only very vague ideas about it. The scene is laid in "Yes; in the Altes Schloss at Berlin. The

story is based upon the legend of the 'White "What, the warning phantom of the Ho-

Mrs. Stuart nodded. "A crown prince of Prussia is in love with the beautiful Countess Hilda von Weissenstein. Reasons of state, however, oblige him to throw her over and to take steps towards marriage with a princess of Wartemberg. They have just been betrothed when the countess, mad with jealousy, plays the part of the White Lady and appears to the princess to try and terrify her out of the proposed marriage."

"And the countess is Miss Bretherton?" "Yes. Of course, the malicious people say Bretherton was going. She came forward in that her getting up as the White Lady is bush! there is the signal. Make up your mind to be bored by the princess; she is one

> pressure brought to bear upon him by his feelings from it with all my might." parents, and his own despair at having to break the news to the countess.

maiden who is to be Prince Wilhelm's fate, and the royal quadrille begins. The prince leads his princess to her place, when it is discovered that another lady is required to He returns, ushering in the beautiful Hilda

von Weissenstein. figure, in its trailing, pearl embroidered

progress of the scene. Nothing, indeed, could have been better which the audience cared, it was samply for Bretherton's youth and grace and loveliness. They hung upon her every movement, and Kendal found himself following her with the

lest any phase of that embodied poetry should In this introductory scene the elements which went to make up the spell she exeressed over her audience were perfectly distinguishable. Kendal's explanation of it to himself was that it was based upon an exceptional natural endowment of physical perfection, informed and spiritualized by being sesthetic damsals robed in sober green judicial frame of mind, but we will trust you effluence of youth, of purity, of strength ish grays—a gentle lament over the some to be fair. I suppose. Forbes, we may be al-

looked at the stage. The princess, indeed, was all that Mrs. Stuart pronounced her to moorlight in which she had first appeared, be; she was stiffer and clumsier than even the house, which had been breathlessly silent her Teutonic role could justify, and she during the progress of the apparition, burst marched laboriously through her very proper into a roar of applause, in which Wallace and virtuous speeches, evidently driven on and Kendal heartily joined. by an uneasy consciousness that the audience was only eager to come to the end of them "Yes, I was. Well, as I tell you, I don't

In the little pause which followed the disappearance of the newly betrothed pair into the distant ballroom, Mrs. Stuart leaned with what's set before me. Why can't you backward over her chair and said to Kendal: "Now, then, Mr. Kendal, prepare your criticisms! In the scene which is just coming Miss Bretherton has a good deal more to do than to look pretty!" "Oh, but you forget our compact!" said

of a judge to tempt those on whom he is to deliver judgment to crime." "Don't put too much violence on yourself!" said Mrs. Stuart, laughing. "You and Edward can have the back of the box to talk what heresy you like in, so long as you let fully taught; nothing but what they have Mr. Forbes perform his devotions undis-

Kendal. "Remember you are to be the judge

of our behavior at the end. It is not the part

At this Forbes half turned round, and shook his great mane, under which gleamed a countenance of comedy menace, at the two men behind him. But in another instant the tones of Isabel Bretherton's voice riveted his attention, and the eyes of all those in the box were once more turned towards the stage. The scene which followed was one of the most meritorious passages in the rather

heavy German play from which the "White Lady" had been adapted. It was intended to extravagance and daring in her which was she would be inimitable so." the explanation of the subsequent acts. In Mrs. Stuart looked up and smiled agreethe original the dialogue had a certain Ger- ment. man force and intensity, which lost nothing of its occasional heaviness in the mouth of Hawes, the large boned, swaggering person-

unity of plan which is the soul of art. The sense of chill and disillusion was ex-

change, and had been looking out for it. "Not much to be said of her, I am afraid, ginal power at the bottom, but there is such a lack of intelligence—in the artist sense. It as to call it "power." But this quickness,

dal, while the actress' denunciations of her "It will be checked," he said to himself, "by lover were still ringing through the theatre. her beauty and all that flows from it. She "But look at the house! What folly it is must come to depend more and more on the ever to expect a great dramatic art in Eng-land. We have no sense for the rudiments whole pressure of her success is and will be land. We have no sense for the rudiments of the thing. The French would no more that way." it's no wonder if commoner mortals follow

"There!" said Wallace, with a sigh of relief as the curtain fell on the first act, "that's reason to know she means to try the effect of done with. There are two or three things in a third and last apparition upon the princess. the second act that are beautiful. In her She appears; he suddenly confronts her; and, first appearance as the White Lady she is as dragging her forward, unveils before himse f wonderful as ever, but the third act is a and the princess the death like features of

ing round upon them. "Oh, I know what you're after. Edward, perfectly. I hear it all with one ear."

both a fury of jealous passion, sinking by degrees into a pathetic, trance like invocation of the past, under the spell of which the

"is physically impossible. Don't be so pugnacious. We leave you the front of the box, and when we appear in your territory our mouths are closed. But in our own domain we claim the right of free men." "Poor girl!" said Forbes, with a sigh. for whose sake she has sacrificed beauty. "How she manages to tame London as she character and life itself. to which he had been invited in the previous strength into the midst of her soft fars and season, when the sound of wheels was heard velvets, and kissed her with a gracious royalties had not yet arrived, with the exdoes is a marvel to me. If she were a shade A great actress could hardly have wished outside. Mrs. Stuart made a quick step for queenliness. The child threw its little white ception of the Prince Wilhelm, on whose long ago. You have done your best as it is, that even the enthusiastic house, Kendal

ward, leaving her Job's comforter planted in arms around her, smiled upon her and matrimonial prospects the play was to turn. only the public won't listen to you. Oh, fancied, cooled down during the progress of the middle of his story, the hum of talk smoothed her hair as though to assure itself to his friend, Waldemar von Rothenfels, the to his friend, was a second was a second walkenfels, which was the door fell hastily back as it was thrown open and Miss Bretherton entered.

What if glow of radiance and beauty en What is glow of radiance and beauty en what is glow of radiance and beauty en segmed to have grown suddenly dull rooms segmed to have grown suddenly dull of it and when I come across anything in what was passing on the stage which the necessities which forced him to marry a of it, and when I come across anything in what was passing on the stage which the daughter of the house of Wurtemberg, the life that makes me feel I will protect my dramatic material itself amply deserved. "We are dumb," said Kendal, with a Kendal in Wallace's ear. "There is something

you to consider what are the feelings to something unsound, and one feels that dis-which the dramatic art properly and legiti- aster is not far off. The whole thing immately appeals."

"Oh, hang your dramatic art!" said capacity, of course; if only the conditions Forbes, firing up; "can't you take things had been different-if she had been born simply and straightforwardly! She is there within a hundred miles of the Paris conserva--she is doing her best for you-there isn't a toire, if her youth had been passed in a somovement or a look which isn't as glorious ciety of more intellectual weight-but, as it as that of a Diana come to earth, and you is, this very applause is ominous, for the won't let it charm you and conquer you, be beauty must go sooner or later, and there is cause she isn't into the bargain as confound- nothing else." edly clever as you are yourselves! Well, it's "You remember Desiorets in this same thea-

with her little judicial peace making air, thing and the wrong! But come, we must do "we shall go away contented. You will our duty;" and he drew Kendal forward fohave had your sensation, they will have had wards the front of the box, and they saw the shall get the best of it all round. For, while your eyes, and yet, as Edward will get hold of me on the way bown and the way being the box, and they saw the whole bouse on its feet, clapping and shouting, and the curtain just being drawn back to let the White Lady and the Prince appear before it. She was very role but to of me on the way home, I shan't go to bed of applause which greeted her seemed to re-

As she spoke the orchestra, which was a called forward again and again, until at last good one, and perhaps the most satisfactory the house was content, and the general exit feature in the performance, broke into some began, weird Mendelssohnian music, and when the The instant after her white dress had disnote of plaintiveness and mystery had appeared from the stage a little page boy been well established, the curtain rose upon knocked at the door of the box with a mesthe great armory of the castle, a dim dis- sage that "Miss Bretherton begs that Mrs. tinguishable light shining upon its fretted roof and masses of faintly gleaming steel. The scene which followed, in which the Countess Hilda, disguised as the traditional rough temporary door was thrown open, and phantom of the Hohenzollerns, whose appear-ance bosies misfortune and death to those stage, on which the scenery was being hastily who behold it, throws perself across the path of her rival in the hope of driving her and those interested in her by sheer force of terror from the castle and from Berlin, had Isabel Bretherton, her long phantom dress been poetically conceived, and it furnished lying in white folds about her, her uncle and Miss Bretherton with an admirable oppor- aunt and her manager standing near. Every tunity. As the White Lady, gliding between detail of the picture—the spot of brilliant

and which evidently roused the enthusiastic of moonlight across the floor, she was once sympathy of the great majority of those who more the representative of all that is most poetical and romantic in physical beauty. Forbes was sitting in the front of the box Nay, more than this; as she flung her white with Mrs. Stuart, his shaggy gray head and arms above her head, or pointed to the keen lined face attracting considerable atten- shrinking and fainting figure of her rival tion in their neighborhood. He was in his while she uttered her waiting traditional most expansive mood; the combativeness of prophecy of woe, her whole personality an hour before had disappeared, and the ardent, susceptible temperament of the man of which there had been no trace in the long was absorbed in admiration, in the mere sensuous artist's delight in stirring and beautiful series of impressions. When the white dress disappeared through the doorway of the ballroom he followed it with a sigh of regret, and crude novice. At any rate, there could be during the scene which followed between the no doubt that in this one scene she realized prince and his intended bride he hardly the utmost limits of the author's ideal, and when she faded into the darkness beyond the



ear, as he stood behind her chair. "She was romance itself! Her acting should always of the countess, and to suggest that vein of be a kind of glorified and poetical pantomine;

"Yes, that scene lives with one. If every thing else in the play is poor, she is worth seeing for that alone. Remember it!" The little warning was in season, for the had made. In the great situation at the end mark in it. But the first words almost re- of the second act, in which the countess has Whereupon the others protested that they wealed Isabel Bretherton's limitations, and to give, in the presence of the court, a sumwould on no account be deprived of their before two minutes were over Kendal was mary of the supposed story of the White share of the compliments, and Wallace es- conscious of a complete collapse of that Lady, her passion at once of love and hatred poor creature who could not find smooth actress which the first scene had produced. for the first time, rouses the suspicions of the Forbes looked a little scornful, but at this ness to all that was exquisite and rare in her volved, the actress showed the same absence point Mrs. Stuart succeeded in diverting his to a state of mere irritable consciousness of of knowledge and resources as before, the attention to the latest picture, and the dinner her defects. It was evident to him that in a same powerlessness to create a personality, rose beyond the tricks of an elementary elo- delicate of perceptions which we include cution; that her violence had a touch of com- under the general term "refinement," and monness in it which was almost vulgarity, which, in the practice of any art, are the outand that even her attitudes had lost half their come of long and complex processes of educacharm. For, in the effort-the conscious and tion. There, indeed, was the bald, plain factlabored effort of acting-her movements, the whole explanation of her failure as an which had exercised such an enchantment artist lay in her lack both of the lower and over him in the first scene, had become of the higher kinds of education. It was mere strides and rushes; never, indeed, with- evident that her technical training had been out grace, but often without dignity, and at of the roughest. In all technical respects, vincial air, which showed you that she had natural cleverness, but that her models had been of the poorest type. And in all other itself a sufficient testimony to the success of the part, was perfectly conscious of the the foundation of all good work in the present. For an actress must have one of the when Kendal became conscious of Mrs. 21," whispered Kendal to Mrs. Stuart, who those tiresome tricks she has, that seesaw in- which comes from mere living, from the actonation she puts on when she wants to be cumulations of personal thought and experipathetic, and that absurd restlessness which ence. Miss Bretherton had neither. She spoils everything? It's a terrible pity. Some had extraordinary beauty and charm, and

is a striking instance of how much and how little can be done without education." which would have been promising in a debutante less richly endowed on the physical "It is curiously bad, certainly," said Ken- ide, seemed to him to have no future in her.

colerate such acting as this because of the Miss Bretherton's inadequacy, indeed, bebeauty of the actress than they would judge came more and more visible as the play was a picture by its frame. However, if men like gradually and finely worked up to its climax Forbes leave their judgment behind them, in the last act. In the final scene of all, the prince, who, by a series of accidents, has discovered the Countess Hilda's plans, lies in wait for her in the armory, where he has his old love. Recovering from the shock of "No whispering there," said Forbes, look- detection, the countess pours out upon them "That," said Wallace, moving up to him, prince's anger melts away, and the little is physically impossible. Don't be so pugeager pity. Then, when she sees him almost reconquered, and her rival weeping beside her, she takes the poison vial from her breast, drinks it, and dies in the arms of the man

"I don't think this will last very long," said smile; "otherwise I would pedantically ask tragic in a popularity like this; it rests on presses me most painfully. She has some

tre last year in 'Adrienne Lecouvreurf'" said "My dear Mr. Forbes," said Mrs. Stuart, Wallace. "What a gulf between the right the evening, and we shall have the White in the box, especially on Forbes, who was lady directly."

Stuart and her friends will come and see ber." Out they all trooped along a narrow passage and up a short staircase, until a shifted, lying to their right. The lights were being put out; only a few gas jets were left burning round a pillar, beside which stood rows of armed and spectral figures on either light bounded on all sides by dim, far reachhand, and startling the princess and her coming vistas of shadow, the figures hurrying

midst that white booded, languid figure-revived in Kendal's memory whenever in after days his thoughts went wandering back to the first moment of real contact between his own personality and that of Isabel Breth-

To be continue I next week



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